Soulmates

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Soulmates

by KareliaSweet

Summary

A series of one-shots revolving around soulmate-identifying tropes.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

kind, vengeance

Chapter Summary

"You have a tattoo of what your soulmate is most passionate about"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Hannibal is seven years old, a small puppy appears on his wrist. He shows it to his mother and she smiles.

“Look at that.” She traces one finger over the delicate lines. “Your soulmate was just born.”

Hannibal cups his wrist to his heart and prays that they are kind.

When Hannibal is eight years old his mother dies. His mother, and his father, and his sister. He decides then that nobody is kind, nobody at all. He takes a sharp rock and scrapes off the skin of his wrist until the puppy is gone. It scabs over, turns into a pale scar that fades over time. The mark does not come back.

-x-

When Will Graham is born, the word *kind* is scrawled in small, hesitant letters across his stomach. His parents take it as a sign of good fortune and show it to their family and friends.

“How lucky, to have a mark so early!”

Everyone coos and dotes over the beautiful baby and his fortunate mark. Will’s parents nod and smile.

When Will Graham is one year old, he wakes up in the middle of the night screaming.

His father rushes in to find his infant son writhing in his crib, clutching at his stomach. He lifts him out and tries to calm him, but Will won’t stop. His mother holds out her arms but Will just kicks and cries for hours, hands scrabbling at his midsection.

When, finally, Will exhausts himself, they pull his hands from where they were curled tight around his stomach.

Will’s father gasps. His mother begins to sob.

Kind has disappeared. In its place, another word, longer and far less charming.

Vengeance

-x-

When Hannibal is 46 years old, the puppy comes back. He ignores it.

He meets Will Graham the next day.

That night, another puppy appears. A week later, another. Then another, and another, and another. Within a month Hannibal has a litter of puppies, linked in a row that travels from the inside of his wrist and wraps all the way round to his elbow.

Hannibal examines his mark thoughtfully and smiles.

-x-

Will Graham gives up believing in soulmates fairly early on, much to the relief of his father. He'd hoped that his lack of faith might make the mark fade, but it never does. Over time, the characters become more elegant, slowly joining into a practiced cursive. The beauty of the lettering can't stop the word from being ugly, though, and Will starts covering it with foundation just so he doesn't have to look at it all the time. He gives up on relationships not longer after that, tired of explaining either the smears of make-up on his skin or the terrible word.

By the time Will Graham is 38 years old, he is very, very tired of vengeance.

Then he meets Hannibal Lecter.

That night he goes home, and when he takes off his shirt to go to bed he catches a glimpse of his reflection and freezes in shock.

He turns slowly in the mirror and sees that his mark is gone. No, not gone. Replaced. One word, shorter and simpler and somehow even more terrifying.

Will

-x-

"Can I ask you something, Doctor Lecter?"

"Anything, Will."

"Do you have a soulmark?"

Doctor Lecter's mouth purses and he tips his chin to the side. Will feels heat suffuse his cheeks.

"If I answer yes, will you ask to see it?"

Will swallows around the sudden thickness in his throat.

"I, uh, no… that would be rude."

Hannibal crosses his legs at the knee and smooths one hand down his thigh.

“If I answer yes, will you let me show you?”

“If you want.”

“Then the answer is yes,” Hannibal says smoothly, “would you like to see?”

Will nods mutely.

Hannibal undoes the cufflink of one sleeve and gracefully rolls the sleeve up to his elbow, holding his arm up for Will to examine. Will’s heart begins to skitter in his chest.

“That’s… you’re… I…”

Hannibal leans forward in his chair.

“Come closer, Will.”

Will feels uncomfortably like a fly caught in the web of a terribly charming spider. His fingers tremble as he reaches forward to touch one of the small dogs that cover Hannibal’s arm.

Then the word vengeance flashes in his mind in blood-red graffiti and he recoils.

“I have to go,” Will says, and stumbles out the room.

-x-

They don’t talk about it again.

The day that Hannibal cuts into Will’s soulmark, he feels the pain twice over. He clutches onto Hannibal’s arm, where he knows the mark is, and tries to breathe through the overwhelming hurt. Hannibal holds him tenderly, and Will decides in that moment that vengeance feels an awful lot like love.

When he wakes in the hospital, they’ve stitched him up and his mark is gone, nothing but clean unblemished skin left behind.

When the plane takes off for Florence, Hannibal feels a stinging burn at his elbow. It starts to travel downward to his wrist and he clenches his teeth against the sensation. Bedelia looks up serenely from the seat beside him and he turns away.

Ten hours later, he unpeels his shirt from his skin, expecting to see emptiness, a blank slate.

Instead, there is one word, writ in large and bloody script and wrapped around the same stretch of skin where the dogs used to be.

Hannibal

-x-

Three and a half years later, as Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham fall from a cliff, their soulmarks change for one last time.

Neither of them know it, wrapped too tightly together to notice the sensation. But as they tumble through salt-drenched air, the same word forms across the same patch of skin directly above their hearts.

you

The ocean swallows their marks with them.

Chapter End Notes

to read the unrelated, crack version of this soulmark AU, read the next chapter. (warning: it is dumb)

Property of

Chapter Notes

> This was the same prompt as the first but (BUTT) I was super dumb and read it wrong so instead you have this cracky mess about soulmates having what they are most passionate about (and not what their SM is most passionate about) tattooed on themselves. On butts. Enjoy(?)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Hannibal?”

“Why is my face on your ass?”

Hannibal’s reflection in the bathroom mirror turns stark white. His eyes meet Will’s in the fog-streaked glass as shaving cream slides down his chin and lands with a plop in the sink below. His expression is blank, his mouth working around silent syllables. He looks like a computer rebooting.

“Hannibal?”

Hannibal jolts at the sound, then turns around and shuts the bathroom door in Will’s face.

Will stares at it for ten minutes before he remembers how to speak.

Early on, Hannibal had seen Will’s tattoo. High on the outside of his upper thigh, one word.

DOGS

Not even a picture of a dog, just the word ‘dogs’ in blocky capitals carefully spaced.

“Don’t look at it,” Will had said, “it’s embarrassing.”

Hannibal had run the pads of his fingers up Will’s thigh, against the grain of the fine hair growing there and making Will shiver.

“Trust me darling,” Hannibal purred into his ear, “that isn’t embarrassing.”

Then he had rolled onto his back, dimmed the lights, pulled Will astride him and instructed him to 'ride me until you scream'.

Will asked Hannibal for the first time that night what Hannibal’s tattoo was. Hannibal answered the same way he’s answered for going on seven months now.

“You don’t want to see it.”

Hannibal has done a good job of hiding his full nudity in creative ways, and Will had always assumed Hannibal's tattoo must be something upsetting. A person salad, perhaps, or an entrail stew.

He hadn't expected this.

His face. On Hannibal's ass.

Will knocks on the bathroom door.

"Hannibal open up."

No response.

"We need to talk about this."

Silence.

"Come on, it's not that bad!"

The door creaks open. Hannibal's arched eyebrow becomes visible.

"You think I'm ashamed of this?"

Will shrugs one-shouldered at him through the crack in the door and Hannibal exhales sharply through his nose.

"That is not why I didn't want you to see this."

Will frowns. "Huh?"

The bathroom door swings fully open and Hannibal stands there, still naked. His soft cock hangs heavy between his thighs and Will is suddenly aware that his mouth is watering. Fucking Hannibal and his Pavlovian conditioning. Hannibal smirks at Will's dilated pupils and sits on the edge of the tub. He covers himself with a washcloth. It doesn't really help.

Will sits beside him, unbuttoning the top buttons of his shirt to adjust to the steam that still hangs thick in the room. Hannibal sighs and runs a hand through his slick-wet hair.

"I'm not embarrassed that your face is a permanent part of me. I never have been."

Will stares at him. "But?" Then he snickers. "Butt…" Hannibal glares sharply. "Sorry."

"I didn't want you to see this because I know you don't have a matching… illustration."

Will laughs. He can't help it, even with Hannibal's shrewdly narrowed eyes.

"You're right, it doesn't match."

Then he unbuttons his shirt all the way then slips it off his shoulders. Shoes go next, then jeans and his socks.

“Will, what are you–?”

“Shut up.”

Will shoves his boxers down his thighs and kicks them off. He holds his cock between thumb and index finger and lifts it so that the underside is visible.

Hannibal’s eyes go wide as dinner plates. There, written in neat block letters, is the word **HANNIBAL**.

On Will’s cock. Will smiles sheepishly.

“I noticed it yesterday. Sometimes soulmarks come late in life, but… yeah, there it is.”

Hannibal laughs. Will scowls.

“Hey, I didn’t laugh at yours!”

Hannibal slips off the edge of the tub and clutches his sides, the laughter rapidly turning to hysteria. He looks up at Will, tears leaking from the corners of his eyes.

“It’s on your dick!” Hannibal cries.

Will has never heard Hannibal say ‘dick’ before. His refined accent, coupled with his giggling, makes it sound like a made-up word. Will starts to laugh.

“It’s on my dick,” he chuckles, “and my face is on your ass!”

Hannibal cackles and slaps the side of the tub. Will sinks down beside him and they laugh together, shoulders and thighs touching.

“This is so weird,” Will says as he tries to catch his breath.

Hannibal looks sideways at him. “Can I write 'Property of’ above yours?”

Will tries to give Hannibal his most vicious side-eye, but they just start laughing even harder.

Much, much later, Hannibal inspects Will’s new soulmark with the utmost thoroughness. He performs several experiments (for science, of course), and is delighted to see that the letters grow bolder and thicker when Will is hard. He traces his own name with his tongue until Will shudders and pulses beneath him, splashing cum onto his cheekbones.

Later still, when Will licks his own face until Hannibal screams, he only feels a little bit weird.

Chapter End Notes

tumblr @ lovecrimevariations

can you hear me now?

Chapter Summary

Telepathy soulmates

He's always known there was something wrong with him. Well, he wouldn't call it wrong himself, he's just fine, but other people - "normal" people (whatever normal even means) would shudder at the images that live inside is brain. So he learned at a very young age - a too-young age - to hide the darkness inside him.

(He hoped against hope he would never find his soulmate, but if he did he would be prepared).

He taught himself how to project pleasant thoughts - how to squirrel away the nasty ones, the impulses to cut and destroy - how to smile on the outside and fool the world. And he believed that if or when the day came, he could fool his soulmate as well.

But, he thought, how likely would it even be that a monster like him could find a soulmate? Was he even capable of love himself?

Then the day came, a seemingly ordinary day, when he found himself in a harshly lit office with Jack Crawford in front of him, a man he'd just met beside him, and four words struck in his head clear as a bell.

He is so beautiful.

And Will Graham's entire world changed.

-x-

Don't let him hear you.

Hannibal starts at the words that slip into his mind unvoiced. He looks at Mr. Will Graham - this heavenly, angry creature with eyes cut from crystal - and thinks *It can't be*.

And Mr. Graham just raises an irritated eyebrow at him and thinks *Apparently it can*.

Hannibal is not prepared. For once in his meticulous life, he is completely unmoored. He hadn't allowed for this eventuality. Soulmates weren't for him, he'd decided that years ago. Fate, apparently, had decided other things.

He needs to get away before he loses himself in Will's mind entirely. He can already feel the sticky web of it pulling him in and - oh - oh, what a beautiful, deadly boy.

“My card,” Hannibal hands it to Will by way of introduction, and leaves the room. Jack sputters irately after him and he hears Will yell, “you got me a fucking shrink?!”

-x-

Will makes an appointment the next day.

Then he cancels it.

He makes another appointment for the following week.

He cancels that one as well.

He makes a third appointment, but this time Dr. Lecter’s secretary transfers him directly to her employer.

“Hello, Will.”

“I - hello, I was calling to make–”

“I should inform you that I have a cancellation fee.”

“I’m not going to cancel.”

“You cancelled the last two.”

“I had… emergencies.”

“It’s fortunate I’m not there to tell you you’re lying.”

“I think you just told me I’m lying.”

“Hm. I think I did. When would you like to see me?”

“I don’t want to see you.”

“That, at least, is truthful.”

Will smiles at the other end of the line. Why is he smiling. Why the *fuck* is he smiling?

“Tomorrow at 7pm,” Hannibal says, “do not be late.”

“I won’t,” Will replies, and means it.

-x-

They spend the first fifteen minutes of Will’s appointment thinking aggressively about the weather in complete silence.

Finally, Hannibal clears his throat.

“This won’t do.”

Will shifts in his chair and rubs at the three-day-old stubble on his face.

“I don’t know what to say.”

“Technically you don’t have to say anything.”

Will laughs without mirth. “Yeah, and that’s not fucking terrifying or anything.”

“Why does it scare you?”

“Oh, God.” Will bangs the back of his head against the armchair. “Why did my soulmate have to be a psychiatrist?”

Hannibal’s smile curls from his lips to his eyes. “You believe I’m your soulmate, Will?”

Will arches an eyebrow.

Can you hear me now?

Hannibal nods.

“Then it’s not a question of belief,” Will says. He gestures between the two of them. “Proof is in the pudding.”

“You’re doing an admirable job of keeping me out, I must say.”

“As are you. All I can glean from whatever’s up there is that you have a lot of favourite wines and you own a harpsichord.”

“Guilty as charged,” Hannibal replies. “And you like dogs.” He squints at Will. “All… seven of them?”

Will snorts and a tiny smile tugs at the corner of his mouth. “You could have figured that out from the dog hair I’m covered in.”

“True.”

“Listen,” Will says. He leans forward in his chair and steeples his hands together. “The way I see it, neither of us have to do anything about this. I don’t even know if you’re gay, let alone interested, and besides that–”

“Yes.”

“Yes, what? You’re gay or interested?”

Hannibal tilts his head, drinks Will in with his eyes. “Does it matter?”

“Well,” Will stutters, “I mean - well, I’m not gay–”

Yes, I am.

“Yes, you are.”

“Goddamnit.” Will slaps his hands on his thighs. “I don’t want to do this. There’s too much going on up here.” He jabs a finger toward his temple and twirls it in a circle. “I don’t need anyone caught up in it, it’s hard enough to manage on my own.”

“What if I want to be caught?”

“Excuse me?”

Hannibal stands and crosses the few feet to Will’s chair, then kneels before him.

“I know you’re hiding something that you think is terrible. That much I can hear.”

Will’s eyes meet his and his fear is palpable. “You have no idea.”

I think I do.

“Stop doing that.”

Doing what?

Tears fill Will’s eyes. “Speaking to me.”

Hannibal’s hands come to rest on Will’s knees and he leans further forward, taking up all the space that he can.

“I have a suggestion, Will Graham. Open yourself to me, and I will do the same. If neither of us like what we see, we agree to part and never speak of it again.”

Will shakes his head. “I already know you won’t like–”

Hannibal reaches up and places a finger over Will’s lips.

“Yes or no, Will?”

Will looks at Hannibal, looks as deep and hard as he can into those dark, alert eyes. Something swims just out of sight below the depths and Will can feel it wriggling, dangerous. Whatever it is, it has teeth. He inhales sharply.

Maybe monsters do have soulmates, after all.

“Well?” Hannibal says. “Yes or no?”

Will closes his eyes.

Yes.

Cravings I

Chapter Summary

> "When your soulmate eats something you crave what they're eating" (the angsty version)

For the first year, he doesn't mind it.

The menu doesn't vary much. It's mostly cooked fish, steamed vegetables (usually string beans), nicely fluffed rice. It's whiskey most nights and coffee most mornings (and some mornings it's coffee and whiskey). It's the occasional Hershey's chocolate bar, which makes Hannibal's palate wince - he really thought he'd taught Will how to appreciate a nice bitter dark chocolate, but he supposes some habits are hard to break.

It's fresh lemon pie in the summer, and warm cider with rum in the winter. It's the beef stew that Hannibal gave him the recipe for, made with a really lovely bordeaux.

It's lomo saltado, once, although there's a saltwater aftertaste that's unmistakable.

All of these tastes, lingering in the back of Hannibal's throat, dancing on the edges of his senses, he savours. Because it's a small piece of Will that he can still cling to within these white, lifeless walls. It's why he behaves so perfectly for his guards - the most gentlemanly of murderers - and it works. Works so well that they grant him special meal privileges, all so that Will can still taste Hannibal's cooking, now and then.

But even that small thread can bring the deepest of pain when tugged too tight, and it does just that on an unremarkable Sunday afternoon.

The day that Hannibal tastes wedding cake on his tongue.

It's a light sponge, perfectly moist with a dark chocolate buttercream. A simple cake, but well made. The taste makes Hannibal want to vomit.

Then he tastes the ghosting press of fingers as they playfully shove the cake in his - *Will's* - face, and he does vomit then.

He retches in his tiny porcelain toilet with violent force, and he holds the stale acrid tang of it in his mouth before he spits, hoping that somewhere far away Will gets a taste.

Then he rinses his mouth out, splashes water on his face, and lies down in his grey cot. He stares up at the void of the ceiling and wishes he could never taste anything ever again.

Cravings II

Chapter Summary

"When your soulmate eats something you crave what they're eating" (the fluffy version)

Will is walking through the streets of Barcelona when the unthinkable happens. He stops in his tracks and brings a hand to his mouth.

"No.."

Face chalk-white, he pulls his phone from his pocket and hits the only number he has saved in his contacts.

The phone rings twice, three times, four…

"Come on, pick up, pick up–"

"Will?"

Hannibal sounds distanced. This is not good. Will frowns and hopes it's audible

"Hannibal Dickhead Lecter, why am I suddenly craving a Big Mac?"

Crackling silence echoes between them.

"He had it in his car."

Will rakes a hand through his hair. "*And you ate it*?!"

He can hear Hannibal shrugging at the end of the line. Like this is no big deal. Like this doesn't change Will Graham's entire fucking worldview forever.

"I'd always been curious," Hannibal explains, "I only took one bite. The food was unwrapped."

Will steps out the way of foot traffic and braces himself with one arm against a nearby wall. "I - God, I don't even know what to say right now, Hannibal."

"Will. You're upset." Hannibal says it with the even tone of someone who clearly does not understand why Will would have a reason to be upset.

"I'm not, I… it's just." Will sucks his lip between his teeth. "Did you… like it?"

"Oh goodness no," Hannibal replies swiftly. "Absolutely terrible."

“Then why would you - Oh my God.” It hits Will with sudden clarity and he smiles. “You *miss me*.”

“What?”

“You knew the quickest way to get me to call would be to eat the grossest, most abominable fast food you could think of.”

“That’s ridiculous, Will.”

“Yes it is. Yes, *you are*.”

“And if I did miss you?” Hannibal asks. “Would that be so terrible?”

Will leans against the warm brick and smiles slow and lazy. “Only if I didn’t miss you back.”

A cart across the street catches Will’s eye and he pushes off the wall with one foot.

“Hold on a second.”

On the other end of the line, Hannibal hears something in a blurry rapid-fire exchange of Spanish, a jangle of coins, and the crinkle of wax paper. Then suddenly there’s a burst of cinnamon sugar across his tongue.

“I godduss a churro,” Will says with his mouthful. Hannibal sighs at him, exasperated but fond.

“Sometimes your manners are atrocious.”

“Mm,” Will agrees, “but you love it when I suck sugar off my fingers.”

He does just that, and is rewarded with a throaty moan from Hannibal.

“Thass more like it,” Will says, pleased. “Now finish what you’re doing - *quickly* - so you can come home to me. No more burgers.”

Hannibal laughs. “Yes, my dear.”

“Good. Oh and darling?”

“Mmm?”

“Cook him well for me.”

“I always do.”

3846

Chapter Summary

"You have a tattoo of how old you both are when you meet."

The morning Will turns 38 he pulls the covers over his head and screams.

He is not ready for this. He does not want this, did not sign up for it, he was not asked if he was okay with being cosmically tied to someone he's never met.

He can hide in bed for a year, right?

He calls in sick to work and spends the day rubbing the glowing *3846* on the inside of his arm, hoping if he concentrates hard enough he can make it go away.

-x-

He meets Hannibal Lecter when he is 38 years and seven months old.

He knows right away, from the itch under his sleeve. Hannibal looks the right age, though there's no chance to glimpse his mark underneath the bespoke suit layers. He asks anyway.

"How old are you Doctor Lecter?"

Hannibal smiles coolly. "45."

Oh.

Will tries not to be disappointed. He didn't want this anyway. And a psychiatrist for a soulmate would probably be unbearable.

It's just, he's handsome - but more than that, he's interesting. Erudite but a little strange. They might have been suited for each other, in another life.

Also his cheekbones could cut glass and Will wants to lick them.

When's your birthday? Will wants to ask. *Is it in the next five months? Can you handle a man with a broken brain? Have you ever sucked a dick before?*

A darker, deeper voice inside him wants to ask *Can I suck yours?*

"You want to know when my birthday is," Hannibal observes.

Will really hopes Hannibal didn't intuit any of his other questions.

“No,” Will says too quickly. “Why would I want to know that?”

“Because your arm is burning. You’re rubbing at the skin where your mark should be. I assume there is a 46 next to your 38?”

Will freezes.

“How do you know I’m 38?”

Hannibal doesn’t answer. Instead he crowds in on Will, walking him backwards until his back bumps against the ladder in his office.

“My birthday is next week,” Hannibal purrs.

He cups Will’s shoulder in one hand and his hip in the other.

“I assume I’ll feel a similar itch then.”

His lips are so, so close. Will shudders and his head flops back, thumping softly against the ladder.

“How do you know?” Will breathes.

Hannibal leans in close and honest-to-God smells Will. Loud and extravagant. He makes a pleased, rumbling sound like a big cat.

“I know,” Hannibal whispers in his ear. His breath is hot and sends shivers ghosting from Will’s spine to his fingertips. Hannibal begins kneading his hip with his left hand, and the hand cupping his shoulder slides up to caress his face, long fingers sinking into Will’s disheveled curls.

“What are you d–”

His words are swallowed by Hannibal’s greedy mouth, who licks and paws at him with almost violent need. It’s an extraordinary first kiss, far from polite and just on the right side of filthy. Hannibal widens his stance and Will squeezes the meat of his ass with a growl.

When did he grab Hannibal’s ass? Never mind, he doesn’t care. At some point his shirt became half-buttoned and Hannibal is now biting his nipple, nothing matters except the heated press of their bodies and the rocketing of his heart.

Then Hannibal tears his mouth away and steps back. Will whimpers and reaches for him but Hannibal keeps his distance.

“I have always loathed the concept of soulmates.” Hannibal’s voice is low and gruff. “The very idea of being tied to someone at the moment of my birth - a person whose identity I have no control over - it has always sickened me.”

Will licks his lips and sucks in a breath.

“I was determined to never meet my soulmate, and if I could not prevent that, I would reject them.”

Will’s stomach drops. *Fuck*.

“And then I met you.” Hannibal rubs the pad of his fingertips over his swollen mouth. “From the instant you walked in here, I *wanted*.”

A shaky smile dances over Will’s face. Hannibal mirrors it.

“I know the feeling,” Will says.

“Well.” Hannibal steps back into his space, hands at Will’s waist as he pulls him close to his chest. Beneath the cotton of his shirt, Will’s mark burns like fire. He’s starting to feel dizzy.

“Let us show Fate what she has done in bringing us together.”

Will’s eyes drift closed. “What do you mean?”

“I mean.” Hannibal leans in and nips at his ear. “That together.” He kisses Will’s throat, holds his mouth open over Will’s pulse.

“We can be monsters.”

LOL

Chapter Summary

> Prompt: You absolutely must laugh at your soulmate's sense of humour (feat. Hannibal's cannibal puns).

It starts off when Will finds himself laughing uncontrollably on a normal Friday evening. His dogs stare at him, heads cocked in curiosity.

It happens again the following Saturday. Jack mentions the next time he sees Will that Hannibal hosted a wonderful dinner party, such a gracious host, Will should join them time.

That's when he starts to wonder. Hannibal never struck him as someone particularly funny but - well? Maybe?

Hannibal invites him over but Will can't quite bring himself to stay. He deposits a nice bottle of wine along with his apologies, but he lingers, just long enough to watch Hannibal work a little with those rolled up sleeves and muscled forearms.

They are rather distracting.

And then the topic of Hannibal's change in profession comes about and when Hannibal says "I transferred my passion for anatomy into the culinary arts", Will has no idea why he's suddenly laughing hysterically.

It's worded a little too baroquely, sure, but it's not *funny*. Hannibal just stares at him, his mouth ticking up at the corner.

Will lets the laughter run out, his head between his knees, taking as many deep breaths as he can. Then he starts to do the math and his blood runs cold. He straightens up so fast he goes a little light-headed.

"Holy shit," Will says, "you're the Chesapeake Ripper."

Hannibal doesn't really react to this, just politely sets down his knife and raises his eyebrows.

"Which would mean that you're my soulmate."

Will swallows hard. "Oh, shit."

He runs out into the night and doesn't look back.

-x-

Five years later

Hannibal serves the meat to their guests, meticulously arranged on blood-red plates with white lettuce, stewed cranberries and nettle sauce.

“Ooh,” coos a woman to Will’s right, “what is this.”

“Turkey,” Hannibal replies. “Though this particular bird was in quite a foul mood.”

Will bursts out laughing, so hard and loud that he almost falls off his chair. The rest of the room falls awkwardly silent.

“Please don’t mind my husband,” Hannibal says with a smile. “He has a dreadful sense of humour.”

End Notes

Soulmate AU Prompt List - feel free to send me an ask!
Disclaimer: I can't guarantee I can reply to all prompts, but I will do my best!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!